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When you have happiness on a halter,
And a dream tucked under your arm,
You have more than a lot of Kings.

For if you didn't have someone to
Give these treasures to, you'd have
Only a poor man's things.

MP NEWS

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Albert Calfflooking
editor

Robert Rollins
multilith

asso. editor

Al Charlo
re-write

George Storisch
photography

Wells & Wilton
layouts

Mary Hill
kitty-korner

Levi Campbell
artist

Byron Gallagher
sports

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thy EDITOR

As this Edition goes to press,and being the Christmas Edition, I find it very difficult to express the feelings of any man that has to spend his Holidays behind prison walls. This is my 10th Christmas behind these high stone gray walls and I have no idea how many more is in store for me.

I would like to make myself clear at this point. The Institution has nothing to do with me being where I am. They are only doing their job - to keep me away from society - although my crime is not that of a violent nature.

So, being what I am and trying my best, I'll just have to sit back and wait for the inevitable results if they are forthcoming.

I am what you would call a so-called check artist, and being an Indian, I've already got two strikes against me, which makes this parole just a little bit harder to get. Although, I've done everything there is to do - too try and make a better person of myself it just doesn't seem to be recognizable. But, I'm in there trying to prove that I can be what I want to be. That I can be a better person, when I am eventually released, It doesn't seem feasible, that I use the word "rehabilitation" as it doesn't seem to apply to me or anyone else doing time. Re-Direction, (which has a secondary implied meaning of a new beginning) seems to fit a person, (and a few thousand others) like me, a thousand times better. The term "rehabilitation", according to Webster is, "to restore to former capacity--to reinstate" and I for

one - do not want to go back to the same environment that got me in here in the beginning for hanging paper and getting a ten year streach. Like everyone else that has done time -I am sick and tired of it.

Getting down to brass tacks, there can be no adequate discription of the feelings of the men here during these approaching Holidays. In order to do this, you'll have to live as we do, and experience the lonely feeling, the endless hours-the waiting? Then you think of these desolate looking buildings, housing the sadden feelings of the incarcerated, and perhaps the forgotten, this is Christmas in an Institution. But, to many of us here and in all appearance, this is just another Christmas here at the Institution one of the many,or for some just another day. And then again, some of us reminisce at the thoughts of the clean, white fluffy snow, covering the country-side, the cottonwoods shivering in the wind under a clear cold blue looking sky, the smiling faces of the people coming from, or going to church, those happy greetings, that Christmas log, the Christmas tree, the golden brown Christmas turkey with all the good stuff that goes with it, and the Christmas presents and the many other aspects that make up Christmas on the OUTSIDE.

No matter what the looks, or the appearances, the memories and experiences-----------ARE THESE THE ONLY REPRESENTATIVES OF CHRISTMAS. I hardly think so. Christmas is a feeling experienced in part by all. It is not only the religious people that feel Christmas-but all people - no matter what their crime, no matter how ignorant of the Christmas meaning they may be, they must feel Christmas in some important way. For some, Christmas trees, presents, candies, and other goodies, do make Christmas more pleasurable. But, these are not the important phases of Christmas. The feeling one derives from Christmas is the real meaning of this Holy Day. Whether you celbrate it in your home,or in a place such as this, the feeling is still there. It is a pretty good feeling-----------and rightly so - this is a feeling that cannot be distorted by these high stone gray looking old walls still wet with snow, and other signs of confinement that are so prevalent. You can say that this Holiday Spirit is here,and it makes it possible for us - us Inmates on the M.P.News Staff to extend a"Merry Christmas

to the Prison Administration and too our Subscriber's-- everywhere.

HURRY
It's time to SHOP EARLY

FINAL CHAMPIONSHIP: FANCY INDIAN DANCING CONTEST HELD AT BROWNING, MONTANA BETWEEN NAPEE AND MUTT - WAHOOoooooo!

THE LOWEST MAN

To a Convict: Who is the lowest man who could walk the face of the earth?

Has this question ever entered your mind? I know from experience, that almost every man that has been incarcerated has thought about this at one time or another. Who is the LOWEST?

Is he one of these guy's who abuseshis privileges in this institution? Then, how about the fellow who cares only for himself and no one else, and "snitches" to get what he wants? Granted, these people are pretty low alright, but in my opinion the lowest one of them all is the one who "steals" from his fellow inmates! That is right, the one that steals is the main problem in any institution. There are some that will be caught someday, and we, among others, definitely will not pity you. In the long run, you are not going to hurt us by your stealing. It is you who will eventually get hurt, physically or mentally.

Why now - why, does a person have to steal? Because, maybe, he is mentally ill? Is it because he has no money, and would like to have things that the next man enjoys.

If you have a mental problem, it is nothing to be ashamed of. You could ask for, and perhaps, maybe receive help and get this problem taken care of. Thousands of people see psychiatrists every day and there is no shame on their faces. How about this other deal? Don't you have no money? Now, just how much trouble would it be to you to go to another inmate and say; "May I borrow this or that, or do you have some extra cigarettes on hand that I could borrow," This Mr. Convict, would be much easier, I mean much easier, than getting caught in someone's cubicle, and taking a chance of getting the stuffings kicked out of you.

Take the time to ask, and there is always someone who will be more than glad to try and help you over the rough spots. So keep this in mind fellow, and think it over. How would you like to be a man that is respected or, be the #LOWEST MAN."

(mutt)

Sex and Crime

Clinton T. Duffy

The first one led by a bank robber named Ethan McNabb, was the only large-scale break attempt I can remember that came as a complete surprise.

McNabb spent over a year making a gun while working on the night shift in the prison machine shop without arousing suspicion. One very foggy morning he and three others overpowered a guard and stole his uniform, then tried to shoot their way out. The men never got outside the walls. One was killed and a couple of others wounded. When they recovered, two of those involved went to the gas chamber, the third received a life sentence. He was quite young and a pawn of McNabb.

I atlked to them all. I never got anything out of Mc Nabb, who was a tough, clever, cold-blooded veteran con but the others told me they could stand anything around the prison but the absence of women. They said they were planning to meet old sweethearts as soon as they could. They apparently got word out, because they admitted they had been expected.

About a year after the McNabb affair, Warden Holohan was obviously nervous and upset when I walked into his office one day. As the hours went by, we all caught the fever. Pretty soon we were tiptoe-ing back and forth, talking almost in whispers and looking warily at each other, as if we expected something to happen right there.

SOMETHING WAS WRONG

I had to go over to the big yard that morning, and the officer on duty at the wall entrance was pacing back and forth, smoking a cigarette in jerky little puffs. As he let me through he murmered, "something's wrong."

"I know," I said. "I wish I knew what."

It was the same way inside the walls. Guards seemed to hold their guns a little tighter and inmate groups huddled a little closer and nobody had much of anything to say to anyone else. As I walked across the yard men hardly moved as they looked at me with flat, cold eyes,

con't

their faces blank, their lips set in thin, hard lines.

I finished my errands and went back to the entrance, where I stopped to deliver a message to my father-in-law John Carpenter, who was Captain of the yard. His office was empty, so I left a note on his desk, then headed for the warden's office in the administration building across the patio just outside the walls. I met the warden coming out.

"I'm going home for lunch, Clint," he said. "The Prison Board is there now. Call me if you need me."

Warden Holohan's weekly lunch meeting with the four members of the Parole Board (now the Adult Authority) was routine. I had some work to clean up, so I stayed in the office another half hour before getting ready to have lunch myself.

As I left the building, a convict ran over and yelled, "Mr. Duffy, get up to the warden's house. Something terrible has happened!"

I took the cement steps to the upper road three at a time, then nearly got run over by the warden's car, a big black sedan, as it came roaring around a corner. I met the prison doctor as I hurried into the house, and we both rushed inside.

HOSTAGES AND VIOLENCE:

The warden, his bleeding head cradled in his wife's lap, was unconscious on the dining-room floor while prisoner members of his house-hold staff hovered around. The Parole Board people were gone, taken away as hostages by four armed men who had escaped in the warden's car.

After firing a shot at the warden, the gang leader had battered him over the head with his pistol butt when the warden had tried to reach a telephome after the shot went wide. Holohan would have been killed if one of the other convicts hadn't stopped his escapee buddy.

In San Quinton's most spectacular man hunt the men were caught and the leader killed fifty miles north of the prison. The one who had saved the warden got life imprisonment and the other two went to the gas chamber.

All four were in their thirties. The three survivors told me they couldn't stand a world without women any longer.

Neither could five youths who stole a ladder and

climbed over the wall of the prison textile mill in the spring of 1962. The five were minimum-security inmates working on the night shift of the mill, which is outside the main walls. They left just after the 3 a.m. count, but were missed within half an hour. Although they weren't caught until the next day, they never got out of Marin County. They were picked up near a house in the Santa Venetia hills, hardly three miles from San Quentin.

There was one attempt to break out of death row while I was warden, but we knew it was coming. One of the other condemned men had tipped me off the something might happen when I went up there on a scheduled Washington's Birthday visit. I purposely delayed going there that day, but although I upset the timetable I didn't stop the break attempt. The ring-leaders tried it while a portable organ for religious services was being wheeled out of the row.

They didn't get very far. A man due to be executed the next day was killed by the gun guard and the others were quickly subdued in this wildly impossible venture. It was the only escape attempt I ever saw not primarily inspired by the sex starvation. All those men wanted to do was live.

Freedom after long confinement in prison never comes easy.

The adjustment should be made gradually, not suddenly thrust upon a man who has become dependent on prison routine even while hating it. If he's carefully weaned away from it he has a much better chance of coping with the problems of the outside world.

Otherwise he may find the abrupt transformation more than he can take, and he's likely to get into trouble again. Without realizing it, more than one man has returned to his old habits for the sole purpose of being sent back to prison.

These people could be salvaged and others could be spared months of confusion and discouragement if we had a universal system of gradual release from confinement. With a work-furlough program, a convict could be spoon-fed the responsibilities of everyday life in the community while continuing under the protection of prison. And prison is protection for a man who is used to it.

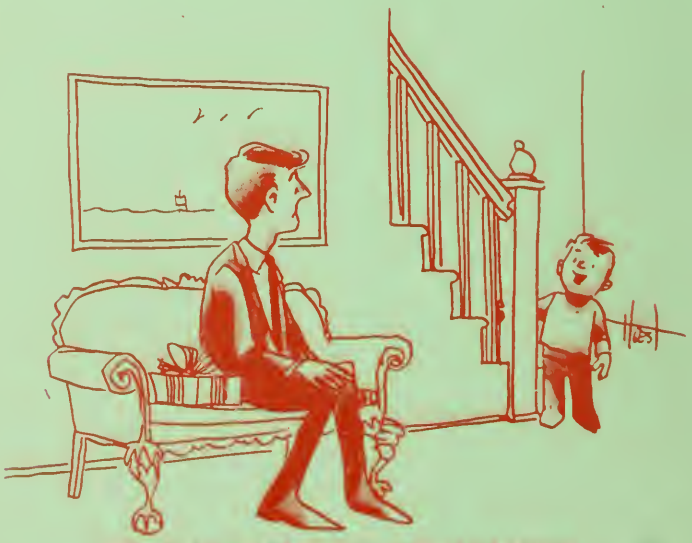
He may yearn for freedom and be confident he can cope with it, but after years away fro it he must first be exposed in small doses. A slow, steady increase of lib-

erty even beyond the prison camps would find him much better prepared for parole when it comes.

Merry Christmas.

THE SIT-BACK-AND-RELAX GIFT.

One derelict met another at a Bowery flophouse and reported sadly, "I ran into poor old Bozo Hannegan the other day and he sure had a pinched look." "Too bad," sighed the other. "What do you think was the cause?" "Well for one thing," explained the first, "He was handcuffed to a cop."



"She'll be right down—she's shaving."

Momma in A Prison

The following article appeared in the Spectator, inmate publication at the Michigan Prison in Jackson, via the Presidio, Iowa State Prison. The author is not named. Regardless of whether or not we agree with it, we must admit that the article contains a large element of truth.

Sounds goofy doesn't it? The title, I mean. How could anyone have an inanimate parent, a rock I ama? I'm almost sure I have. With every day of this fourth prison sentence, I become more certain of it.

Yes, I'm a repeater. An "Habitual Criminal" is what the County Attorney called me when he let me plead guilty to this last charge. But of course he didn't know I was just coming home to Mom.

Habitutal Criminal. That's what started me thinking. About why. And I am still. But let me spread it all out in the light and I'll show what I mean.

Prison is ultimate security, like the womb. A guy can lay curled up in one and keep warm and well-fed and not worry about much of anything. That is, if he hasn't anything outside, like some little bread-snatchers, to bug him. The umbilical cord to the outside world brings in newspapers if I want to read them, and enough entertainment to pacify a guy with limited appetites.

After doing a certain amount of time, everything becomes relative anyhow. In a little world, little pleasures are big. Pie for desert is as much a treat to me now as a whopping steak dinner is to a business-type wheel. A guy who's never tasted caviar might wonder a little about it, but never misses it. And after three or four prison terms, I've not had much time for any other kind of life.

Security. Now there's a term for the books. There's a frantic and constant scuffle for it out there--for the human needs and desires outside of this womb.

There's endless worry about jobs, war, housing, taxes, prestige, and keeping up with the Joneses. There's harrasment and panic and debt.

Sometimes it all seems so far removed from this prison that it's almost unreal. Sometimes it seems that the world out there is shut in, rather than this one. It

seems that theirs' is the cage and they dart frantically in circles, seeking escape.

Sometimes I've even felt sorry for them; those rushing pill-gulping creatures. At least I think I did--sometime.

But I'm not alone in my views. There are a lot of other guys like me. They just haven't put the mirror to themselves yet. Just watch them, though. They prove it all the time.

There's the guy who kicks in a place, then tells all the barflys in town about it. Or the paper-hanger who puts his own name on rubber checks, time after time. We've all read about or know people who keep breaking in to the same place again and again; or those who steal from people they know well.

Sure, they have a lot of excuses about getting caught. The bartender was a dirty rat for calling the police when he discovered the check kept bouncing out of the register. Someone snitched, because there weren't any cops in there the first three times I hit it. I didn't see those three hundred people watching when I broke in.

It all boils down to the fact these kind of guys catch themselves. Like others who can't wait to confess major crimes when they're arrested on suspicion, they push their way into prison.

Many crimes are so needless or so irrational they have to stem from some desire on the part of the lawbreaker to be caught. These people are subconsciously begging for a prison sentecce.

And like me, they keep coming in and in and in.....

**

We saw the following item on the Woman's page of a newspaper:

"My husband says it's all right to eat fried chicken with his fingers. I say that a well-bred person never eats any kind of food with their fingers. Who is right?

Lady, we lead a pretty dull life. Next time you eat corn-on-the-cob, we'd sure like to watch.....

**

Some businessmen buy check-writing devices, others marry them.

**

What do you give the man who has everything? Your Christmas shopping bills, of course.

Christmas Eve!

He sat at the end of the bar and puffed on a cigarette. His eyes on the glass before him. Once in a while he drank and smiled to himself. Was this man lonely or was he sad? No one cared either way except a little fat man who had just bought everyone a drink.

"Hey, you there, come on, wake up and be merry. It's Christmas Eve," shouted the Little Fat Man.

The man at the end of the bar smiled without a happy expression and asked, "Who are you to tell me that I should be happy on Christmas Eve?"

With a jolly chuckle, the Little Fat Man walked over to the man at the end of the bar and exclaimed, "Why Stranger, let me introduce myself. I am a Legend. A legend that is well forgotten."

"Then why should you mention something that is forgotten?" questioned the strange man at the bar.

"Do you think," asked the Little Fat Man back at the Strange Man, "that the joy of Christmas should be a thing of the past; and that those ever are happy are fools? No, my friend, you only want this to be."

Again the Strange Man turned to his drink and became silent. Then in a whispering, trembling voice, he said, "I hate the joy that man makes on Christmas because he thinks that Christmas is for presents, drinks of liquor, crazy laughter, and most for only himself. He does not believe in what Christmas stands for. Man anymore is as crazy as he makes out to be. An idiot making believe he has the knowledge of the intelligent person who had, in years before, known what Christmas meant."

After the Strange Man finished his sincere talk, he took a drink and gave a disgusting grin at the Little Fat Man.

"And what do you believe Christmas Eve should stand for?" the Little Fat Man asked in a serious voice.

Rolling the melting ice in the glass he held, the Strange Man shrugged his shoulders and sighed, "Ah-h-h-h ...it's Christmas!"

"I don't understand," the Little Fat Man said with a frown.

"You see, Christmas is a big word. It is as big a word as the world of people. And yet, people forget the

true meaning of Christmas. Christmas is for the joy that a Baby once brought the earth. He made a new life for the people who he loved, and those who loved him understood why he loved them. They brought him gifts that meant the world of joy from their hearts. Their happiness was for a great beginning that they knew should be remembered and taught. But look at the people now, are they thinking of Christmas to be thankful for, or are they thinking of Christmas for their own happiness? Sure, they may be gay, but only from foolishness that make them gay on Christmas Eve.

"What would you say if I told you that I am a Legend of Christmas and that I need more people as you to believe in me," said the Little Fat Man with a twinkle in his smile.

"I would help you hitch up your reindeer and shout so the world could hear me, "Here is the part of Christmas that you people are taking for granted. Do you want to meet him and bring him back to reality?"

After the Little Fat Man listened to the Strange Man, he turned with a sudden jerk and stepped out of the tavern. And soon, over all the loud noise in the tavern a happy voice could be heard, "Up Dancer, up Prancer, up Blitzen, up Comet...Ho-ho-ho---Merry Christmas!"

"There are so many things I want to know about you, Rachel, like the color of your eyes."

Chief Agitator

Sock it to me! Sock it to me!

Chief get um hep to modern terminology, but still plenty confusion as to what new generation mena when they use um such terms.

When white men say Indian dumb and will never progress him speaking through hat! Ole' Chief been observing Indian young people and him believe that they are beginning to make strides toward adjustment in contemporary society. Young Indian got um plenty on ball and him beginning to think for himself. Him no longer gonna stand still for present conditions and situations-Chief think young Indian gonna speak out and try to change um things that need to be changed. Ole' Chief think maybe Indian students all over country gonna get organized, and not just sit back on hind-end and be satisfied with not rocking boat.

Chief recall story 'bout Indian man coach of famous Indian School who used to get um goat of young athletes when him use um psychology and strict hard driving methods. Indian-man coach plenty smart because him not only try tp prepare young bucks for important game but also for that big game called life. Him used to tell um that when game got a little rough they always quit and be like scared dog running away will tail stuck between hind legs; he say white boy don't beat Indian boy cause him defeat um self when become quitter.

Coach man not really mean what he say but he was just trying to get young Indian buck to use that gray matter between um his ears. He say to young athletes that when goin gets rough they should not quit but bear down and try that much harder. He also say if young Indian go out in society and be qyitter himnot honna get very far, cause world not gonna hand a living on silver platter to Indian. He gonna have to work for what he want and this not gonna be accomplished if him is contented to sit on posterior and do nothing to better himself.

Ole Chief think coach man know um exactly what he was doin, cause many of his athletes went out and became successful in whatever they chose to do in their life's work. Chief know bout one young Buck who went to college and fraduated, but not before him get um heap discouraged a number of times. Everytine young Indian got um ready to quit him think bout what wily old Indian coach-man say bout being quitter, and that was enough to spur him on a little further till him actually become college graduate. Chief think coach man put over more than him realize.

Chief also recall times when Indian coach used to tell young Indian how him was very selfish when him not use teamwork. When young buck try to steal um all the glory and be heap big showboat, him not do team any good. He tell um that teamwork only way to play game.

He say in life it same way because young Indian gonna have to learn to live with all kinds of people and him better not have chip on shoulder cause he only gonna create heap plenty trouble for himself if him go through life feeling bitter towards society and other people.

Chief hear and observe young Indians who complain about things and most of the complaints are justified. But Chief also hear other Indians complain and he get hot under collar cause these particular Indians complain but do nothing to back their complaints. If Indians demand certain jobs and aren't able to deliver um good in the form of skills and techniques, then they have only themselves to blame for not getting the jobs. Chief think Indian ought to prepare himself before him demand anything cause if he don't he gonna end up with own mocassin in big mouth.

All in all Chief think maybe younger generation gonna start moving in right direction and make heap big adjustment in this sophisticated and complex society.

Chief gonna go out and listen and observe some more-----See you next ISSUE of the M.P. News.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

A Classified advertisement in a New York newspaper: "Wanted -- -- a young man to work as an usher in a Times Square movie theater. Must be polite, neat, courteous, friendly, with a quite cultured voice. Also must know how to handle a switchblade."

Frugality

I was engaged in small talk with various acquaintances. With one I was bewailing the trials and tribulations of my responsibilities. "You don't know what problems are he came back at me quickly. "At least yours is a new situation for you," he said.

"Man", he moaned, "look at it this way," and went on to explain that he was soon leaving on discharge. "I been in and outa these places since I was a little shaver, too short to reach the apples off a fruit stand. I ain't never stayed out evey long, without makin' some kind of a score to help me get started again. I tried once to get a job and live off a pay-check. The project never got off the ground. I didn't even have enough cash to keep me goin' 'till the first payday. Now, I'm about to face the same situation all over again," he continued. "And you think you got problems? At least if you foul up, they will blame it on never havin' to face the problems before. But, what about me?"

This man's problem after proper analysis, has given me cause to count my blessing.

Let's assume, for the sake of illustration that each dischargee (not the average) allowance permitted by law. The maximum amount allowed by law is $50.00, while the average considerably less. As a rule, parolees are given $35.00 upon release and dischargees $25.00.

The average dischargee leaves this institution, with no more than $25.00 and the clothes on his back.

How then, does he re-establish himself within the mid-stream of society? He must take immediate congnizance of his predicament if he is to reamin at large. He must take into consideration that if he is to subsist until his first payday, which under current economic practice is not within the offering for at least two weeks. That is if he is fortunate to have secured employment on his first day of freedom.

With or without employment, a roof overhead is a prime requisite for any normal person, if only a matter of sleeping space. If endowed with more than his share of good fortune, a dischargee will secure a place to live for a minimum of a dollar a day.

A person of healthy and sanitary habits will change

his underclothes at least once each day. He will not take his leisure in perspiration permeated work clothes. His dental habits will be at least minimal and his face shaven.

A week's supply of underclothes cannot be purchased for less than fifty cents per item. Nor can work shoes of minimum durability be had for less than $7.50. Work uniforms of the meanest quality cannot be procured for under $3.50 a set or $7.00 for a two week's need.

At this juncture we can itemize a discharges's essential needs on the day of his release, which will last him until the first payday. To wit:

2 weeks rent	$14.00
2 weeks food	$14.00
10 sets underwear	5.00
1 pair work shoes	7.50
2 work uniforms	7.00
1 coat	$ 5.00
Bath essentials	4.00

We have now estimated "release" money at an exceedingly generous rate, while computing expenses at an extremely conservative pace. And, we are still $30.50 short of essential expenses. But, let that rest for a time. We'll go to the other side of the ledger.

This side of the ledger is representative of the recidivist to whom we can attribute financial straits as motivating his recidivist rating.

Once more we will apply the generous conservative yard stick of computation.

More than 400 men are released or discharged from the Montana State Prison annually, under the described (and average) circumstances. Allowing a margin for error, at least 5% of these men are returned under conditions which may be directly attributed to a set of financial straits. Many more fall within this category in an indirect fashion.

Let us assume that each recidivist among this 5% has taken $25.00 at the expense of society through actual commission of the crime making them rededivists. With 20x men to contend with in this respect our (society's) initial loss is $375.00 plus, (and we kid ourselves if we believe this to be a realistic figure) before the apprehension.

Though the average stay in any county jail exceeds a $50.00 cost to society, we'll settle on that as a fair

figure.

Being recidivists, the odds are greatly against any of the 20 men receiving probation or "beating" the rap when their cases come to trial. Less than 1% chance! But we'll allow more than three times 1%, and figure 3 as a basis for statistical averages.

The cost of prosecuting a single average felon must take into account the expenses for the services and duties; a sheriff, bailiff, judge, prosecutor, court clerk, court reporter, 23 grand jurors, 2 maintance personnell for the courthouse, etc., and in many instances 12 petit jurors, not, of course, including a public defender who acts in behalf of the accused in more than 50% of the cases.

It is safe (more than safe!) to estimate that 1 hours time to convict a defendant costs a minimum of $300.00. And most consume many times 1 hours litigation. We will go further and disregard the average cost of transporting the convicted man to prison, as an incidential.

In this day of legal aid for the convicted felon, it is unusual for an appeal to be neglected. More than 60% of the convictions obtained today are appealed under arrangements whereby the State (or society) foots the bill. This bill rarely runs below the $1,000.00 level, more often surpassing the amount two fold. And most appeals are unsuccessful, leaving the burden of caring for the convict once again in the hands of society. More than 80% of the appellants remain in prison for at least 1 year before being released. The cost of caring for each person in prison exceeds $1600.00 a year.

Society, I would now have you look at the ledger sheet and tell yourself who is being cheated through frugality.

Releasing 400 men with $25.00 in their pockets is costing you $10,000.00 annually.

Having 3% of these same men return to prison for lack of funds to sustain them until they are established cost you a total of more than $39,900.00.

I vote that it is time to REVAMP and EVALUATE the fiscal habits of penal administration.

**

A young applicant for a job as a truck driver for a Cleveland dairy was asked if he was married.
"No," he replied, "I'm not, but I can take orders, if that's what you mean."

Band Hi-Lites

Just a few lines to fill you in on what's been happening in the Music corner. The music class is once again in operation with Mr. Sewell, Band Director, teaching basic music theory and fundamentals to a class of seven that come over for one hour from the school. In order to attend this music school, one must first be enrolled in the M.S.P. School. The music classes are limited to seven students as that is all the room we have available in the Theatre. This is an eight week course and can be very beneficial to anyone with enough intiiative to take it and stick it out to the end.

During the past several weeks the members of the band have been kept busy playing at various spots within the institution. We have once again started playing in the mess hall on a limited basis. On the third of November some of the Western Band played for the district 8 Jaycee meeting.

Making up this group are Lee DuBois - Standard and steel guitar lead, Dick (Harry) Cox on drums, Jim Spurlock - Vocal and rhythm, and John (J. B.) Bellanger on the fiddle and he also kicked in with a solo now and then. All had a real good time and really enjoyed themselves.

Coming up, the Western Band will be playing for the Al-Non meeting to be held in the Clarke Theatre, Nov.17, at 1:00 p.m. All the guys in this group are keeping pretty busy in preparation for this meeting.

John (Indio) Carlson is on a short vacation (?) in the mess hall and all hope him a speedy return to the band.

Well, Mr. Sewell, Band Director has done it again. He showed up with a whole arm load of current albums and 45's (records that is). These were all donated by Radio Station KMON of Great Falls. These disks are appreciated and thouroughly enjoyed by every member of the M.S.P. Band. Our thanks to KMON.

Jim Spurlock

In answer to the girl wanting to join the Band as a vocalist--well, we're still waiting?

That's about all the news from the Band Corner this month. So until next month, keep tuned.

BE CAREFUL WHAT YOU PICK UP

One morning a young hunter was walking through some woods, searching for game.

As he walked along, he came upon a little snake who was frozen to the ground and almost dead.

The hunter felt sorry for the little creature, so he picked the snake up and put it inside of his shirt, where the snake could get warmth from his body.

After awhile, the snake thawed out and began to stir around. Then the snake bit the hunter.

The young hunter was astounded. He looked down at the snake and said: "I picked you up off the ground, where you were almost dead, and I gave you warmth of my own body. Then you bit me! Why?

The snake turned his cold beady eyes on the hunter and hissed: "Well, you knew I was a snake when you picked me up, didn't you?" (1958)-From The Eye Opener

"Would you like a photo, sir?"

Inside View

The field of corrections is like the weather, in that many talk about it but few do anything about it. Since "cons" are "doing time" it is up to the "free" people to gain enough knowledge to do what need to be done, and since the current trend seems to be cutting down on crime. I might suggest that you can gain your knowledge from the experience of others...the following is an opinion as seen from the inside.

.....All the good a correction program can do is last when an ex-convict is rejected by the very people - the good people - he is told to associate with, when he is released. Rejected by "churchgoer's," by employers, and then by fellow workers when finally he lands a job.

The former prisoner is driven back to his old criminal associates, and yet, he is only seeking what we all seek, roots in the community standing, love, concern, and the feeling of belonging.

The little real interest and concern the community takes in the correction and rehabilitation of the offender does lead one to question the depth of concern and their own protection. Is our protection by society a shibbleth; something correctional officers and parole boards merely talk about? Is the kind of protection something that society really wants? Someone may retort "of course, it is," Don't we pay taxes so that we can maintain law enforcement agencies and correctional institutions for our protection. But such an answer indicates the confusion of citizens on this point. Protection of society is not a responsibility to be completely surrendered to social agencies. Protection of society is every citizen's concern.

And if the aim of correction is to return the offender to the community a rehabilitized personality so that he may no longer be a menace to his community then correction <u>should</u> be every citizen's concern.

Are You Concerned? -Jim Nickles

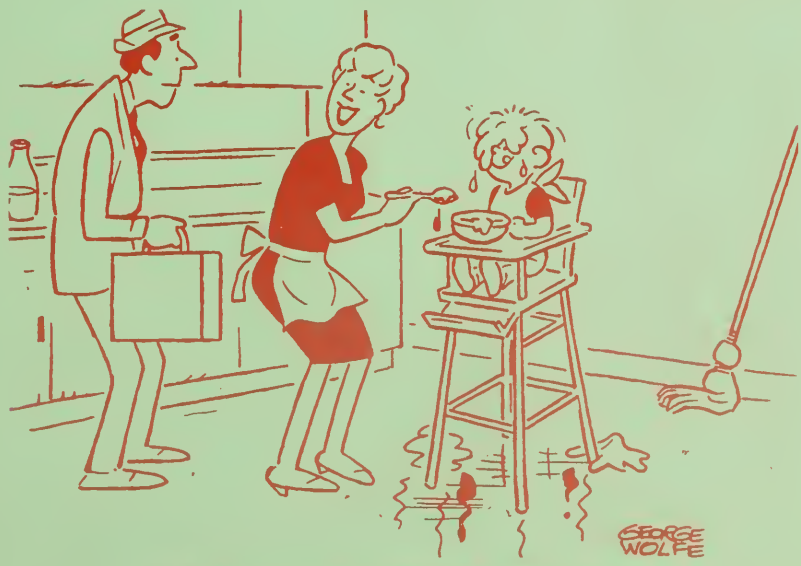
How much money does the local jailer earn? Does your state correctional facility have enough treatment personnel? How many people are assigned to each parole officer? .....You Don't Know??????? SHOULD'NT YOU?

LETTER

Dear Son,

Your paw has a new job now. The first in 48 years. We are a great deal better off then we wur. Your paw gets $14.95 every Thursday, so we would do a little fixin up. We sent to the Monkey Wards for one of them new fangled things called a bathroom. It is put in shape by a man called a plummer. One side of the room is a big long thing like the pigs drink out of only you get in that and wash all over. On the other side is a little white thing. This is a sink. This is for light washing such as your face and hands, but in the other corner now son, we really got something ther. This contraption you put your foot in and wash it clean and you pull a little handle and get fresh water for the other foot. Two lids come with the dern thing. We ain't has no use for them in the bathroom. I am using one fur a bread board and the other has a round hole in it so we took that and framed your paw's picture. P.S. They were awful nice people to deal with. They sent us a free big rool of writing paper with it. Take ker a yourself

from your Maw.



"It's a dual-purpose baby food—you just mop it over the floor like wax."

Women Who Wait

This is for you Sweetheart, and to all those wonderful women who wait day after day, month after month, year after year.

The condition of being tied emotionally to the cold gray walls of an American Prison may be one of the most unrewarding experiences on earth. It is a classic study in frustration in which, month after month, year after year, women - each in her own way and each according to her own capabilities, faith, fortitude and fidelity embark on the countless journeys which will take them once again, face to face with their men who are behind bars.

To look, but not to touch, to whisper nervously, trite and common place utterings which convey nothing more than a vast and immeasurable longing because what each of the words they would truly speak cannot be even properly formed in such an environment, but are reserved for some other day and some other time more fitting.

In spite of financial hardships, they come; in spite of job schedules that must be rearranged, they come; in spite of transportation difficulties, they come;in spite of everything, they come.

I feel, one wife said in a visiting room, "that facing up to my vows in this difficult situation is the supreme challenge of my life, and I intend to meet it squarely." Those words, beyond anything else that could be written, explain the "why" of it. Why they will make those arrangements for a day off from work with its accompanying loss of income, why they will take scant dollars that are desperately needed at home and use them for bus or train or taxi fare to a prison. Why will they brave the curious and often malicious stares of all manner of people who know or suspect that they are off to visit someone in prison, someone beyond the pale, why will they knock ever so firmly on a prison door and say "let me in, I've come to see my man." For her words and actions bespeak the true meaning of honor as it has been properly interpreted since time began. She is, in every sense of the word, honoring her vows for better or worse. Not because her man is in prison, but, in spite of it.

Some women have found this to be to much of a burden to bear. They laid it down and left their men alone, what can be done but forgive them? For we to have shrinked responsibilities and know what it is to disappoint those who love us and rely on us. (The Harbinger)

"I ordered mine long before you!"

"Here comes trouble."

The Attitude of Todays Teen-Agers

The attitude of today's teen-ager is becoming more and more alarming all the time--for example, the draft card-burning craze. Just because the average teen-ager is required, by law, to sign up for the draft when he becomes eighteen does not say that he, or a million more as he, will be inducted into the service. But it seems that it does not make any difference to the majority of the draftable teen-agers, and those who hate to see teen-agers drafted. Because of this, they ban together and stage draft card-burning demonstrations and riot over the Viet Nam War. Besides helping the Communist here in the States by anti-war and different kinds of demonstrations, it also helps the Communist, slowly but surely, in the Viet Nam War.

Now, these students of the United States do not like the "Reds" anymore than the men fighting them, but they turn around and help the "commies" by staging these demonstrations which destroy buildings and take a few lives, now and then. The rebuilding of these towns where riots are held takes the taxpayer's money which could be used for medical supplies to save American soldiers in Viet Nam.

In World War I and II, this United States had a lot of brave young men who wanted to fight for their country. Boys who were merely sixteen and a number who were seventeen lied about their ages just to get into the service because they did not want the great United States taken over by another nation. What has happened to this noble desire for FREEDOM?

Have today's teen-agers dicided that they would rather live under the whip of the Communist? Do these teen-agers really want to give up the Stars and Stripes which stand for FREEDOM, for the Communist flag? If this is what they want, they should remember first that a lot of brave men have given, and still are giving, their lives so that this mighty Nation may live with its Stars and Stripes which stand for AMERICAN FREEDOM.

Teen-agers should think about the situations here in the United States. They would find that Communism is closing in on the United States. Communism is filtering into our political system and into our every day living.

what should be done about this? This is a big question? will these American teen-agers of today, who will be tomorrow's leaders, let communism over-take the great land called the United States? Will they let the "Red's" control step in and shove AMERICAN FREEDOM out? Today's teen-agers should realize that it is time for them to act against COMMUNISM BEFORE IT IS TOO LATE.

Settle down teen-agers, don't let the majority of the populations push you around. Stand up and think for yourselves. Make decisions that will help the future of the United States, not destroy it. Teen-agers, the future of the United States and your fellow countrymen lies in your hands.

Leonard W. Ingraham

"Says he likes them. Wants to know how many packs . . ." M. r. NE

MOVIES

At the W.A. Clark Theater

ROTHE HALL

Don't Make Waves

Jan 4, 1969
[illegible]
Tendon Brando; Yul Brynner; Trevor Howard;
Jan 11, 1969
DON'T MAKE WAVES
Tony Curtis; Claudia Cardinale; Sharon Tate; Robert Webber.
Jan 17, 1969
ELVIS' TROUBLE
Elvis Presley; Annette Day; Yvonne Lemair.; John Williams; Mitre Brothers.
Jan. 25, 1969
THE GREAT RACE

Stagecoach

Jan 4, 1969
STAGECOACH
Bing Crosby; Ann Sheridan; Robert [illegible]; Michael Connors; Red Buttons
Jan 11, 1969
THE BROTHERS KARAMAZOV
Yul Brynner; Maria Schell; Claire Bloom; Lee J. Cobb; Richard Basehart.
Jan 18, 1969
[illegible]
Jan 25, 1969
THE RACK
Paul Newman; Wendell Corey; Walter Pidgeon; Edmond O'Brien; Ann Francis.

Snow Poem

This morning dark, cold and sleepy stumbling
breakfast bound
A moist feather's fleeting kiss
Awakened within
Forgotten pthos of other snow
Inscrutable dimensions, lives, and universe away
.....Tripping on united bootlaces and memories
of
Super-numbing ultra-cool all engulfing
brumal snow back home
Psyched-out grains of crystalline velvet
Fluttering
Tilting
Probing
down
in maddening slowness
while calmy,
methodically
working up into the speeding crescendo of a blizzard
A billion eerie frozen fingers malacly clutching
squeezing
wringing
Completely blanketing and blanking in euphoria
everything
from a runny-nove to a cold war
A sleigh ride is nice
If you've got the price
$6.00 please!

A Letter To Santa

Everyone at one time or another has written a letter to Santa Claus. Well, almost everyone. The editor of this publication readily denies any afilliation with the jolly, white haired old man bearing gifts and good cheer. Anyway, checking through Santa's files, we find that as children even celebrities wrote letters to Santa Claus.

Greetins Claus,

Okay Santa, I'm gonna give it to ya straight, see. I want every toy ya got and I want em now. Just drop em off at my house and don't bring no one with ya, see. You do this and we'll get along just fine.

Jimmy Cagney

Dear Santa Claus,

Last year you sent me a guitar for Christmas. I sure don't know what I'm going to do with a guitar. I don't like music. Please send me something different this year.

Your friend & pal,
Elvis Presley

Dear Santa Claus,

I saw you last year at the Christmas Pageant and you put on a really big shew. Keep up the good work. And now, direct from the Sears Catalogue, here's my list o' toys. A bicycle, a truck, a baseball bat & ball, a football, a fire engine, a - Con't. next page.

That's all for now.
Eddie Sullivan

Dear Santa Claus,

Do you give toys to kids in other countries too. If not then I think you'd better change your policy and start doing it. It might look bad for the U.S. if you don't. Also, I think you'd better get rid of your reindeer and go by bus or train. See America first, then get the other countries. That flying around in the skies is for the birds.

Lyndy Johnson

Dear Mr. Claus,

Why don't you just come right out and admit it. You're a phony. I know you are and that's why I'm not gonna write to you anymore. I don't like it when you try to make us little kids think you give us all the toys. You're not foolin' nobody.

Walt Disney

Dear Santa Claus,

Last year all you sent me was clothes. Why don't you send me some toys this year, I sure don't need any clothes.

Yours truly,
Gypsy Rose Lee

From The
Warden's Office

Some Individuals incarcerated at Montana State Prison take great pleasure in critcizing the Parole Board. After almost seven years as Warden at this Institution, I am inclined to disagree.

It would be difficult for me to pin point an inmate who did not receive a parole on his first appearance before the board if he happened to be a first time loser, with a good work record and no disciplinaries. This group would exclude those who violated a probationary sentence or those who were committed after revocation of a deferred sentence.

The Board of Pardons or Parole Board is an appointed board. The appointments are accepted, I am sure, because these people feel they owe the public a service. Actualy the pittance they receive for the two day monthly meeting barely covers their personal expense.

True, it would be great to have a full time Parole Board such as you will find in California or New York, but I am sure the Montana Legislature would not approve an appropriation of $50,000.00 which would be necessary to hire this full time board. Montana has an adult correctional institution with an average population of five hundred. Each month approximately thirty to thirty-five inmates appear before the Parole Board. In California there are probably five or six hundred. I think this should make my point clear.

If each inmate who is denied a parole would check his record he would find there is something that the Board has considered unfavorably. This could be prior felony convictions, prior parole violations, Disciplinaries, etc. Place yourself in the chair of a board member, review your own case and give it some honest consideration.

"His name is Dick. Dick is a con. See Dick climb the wall. See the screws shoot at Dick . . . . . !"

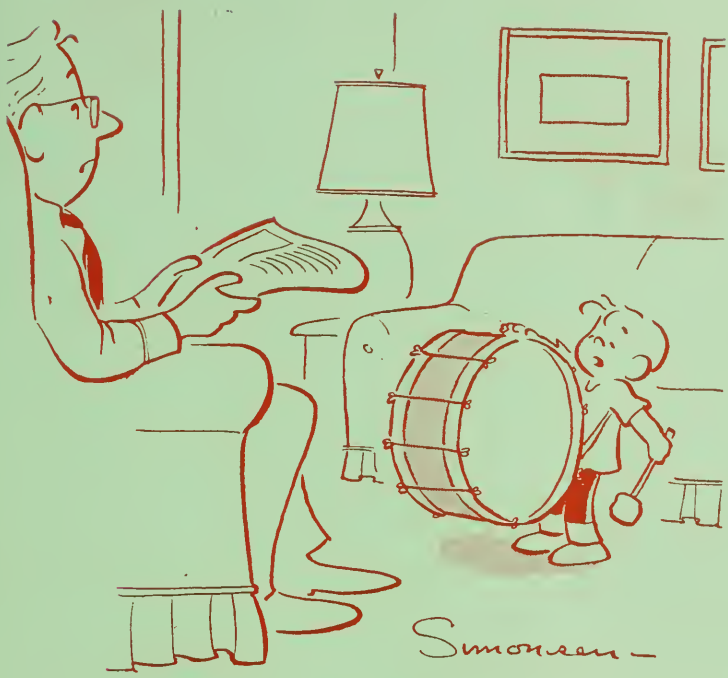
"Admit it, George. You dyed your hair to make me look older."

Do to the fact, that the the ball was already rolling; the articles from the Woman's Quarters arrived to late for this Edition.

However, they will appear in the January Edition. The DEADLINE for articles is the 15th of each Month.

-The Editor

Kitty Korner



And now for my next number, that old favorite . . . Stardust

"Let him loose, Harry. They're only bills."

From The OLD BUZZARD'S ROOST

...nd the way we go....Napee sez, put a sack over your head and keep America beautiful...What a column this was gonna be! I was gonna tell you the story of the forty thieves-but you probably wouldn't be interested in politics....Napee said that it was so dry when he was down in Texas that he seen the trees chasing the dogs....Was talking to one of the Ranch Supervisors and he expressed his desire to run an ad in the M.F. News concerning his crew and the possibility of getting a few volunteers to handle the chores that are upcoming. If anyone is interested, send in an interview request to the Classification Board and give Mr. Boslie's Ranch Crew a try.....I must be cracking up? You know what I went and done did? The other day I pulled the typewriter on to my lap and began unfastening the ribbon! Oh well..Napee said the only cat he ever had,swallowed a bottle of castor oil and now he's in business for himself. He's got nine cats "working for him." Three digging holes, three covering up, and three scouting for new territory..Napee said that he had to leave Texas because he said a discouraging word....Somebody telling somebody on 7 gallery only your hair dresser knows....When Napee was in Vermont in the maple section of the woods, he saw hundreds of trees with buckets attached to them. He said he never knew that the dogs were so sanitary up thar..... According to the latest scoop-The new Gym will be ready sometime this spring-we hope....Adam was the only guy who could be sure of his wife - Then a snake came along. Napee found out why cream costs more than milk. It's harder for dem cows to sit on dem thar little ole bottles....Jest can't seem to get enough of those fine pasteries dat dem thar rolly polly bakers have been putting out. Real fine fellows, the pasteries I mean-so hoz about sekonds once in a while....That crazy Napee! He said many years ago the Kaffirs, a tribe of South Africans, (ATT: Whirleybird) used a naive method of cleansing a blackened name of a young criminal. They would shout his name in a kettle of hot water, clap down the

lid and let if soak for a number of days....Overheard Campbell (Our favorite little redskin) telling Fisher - I don't have to do what he tells me - this is a free prison. Shame Shame Shame....Napee sez he doesn't care how popular canned and frozen juices get, there will still be some men who will like to squeeze their own tomatoes....Seen the movies where the Indians won for a change, HUH....Parole anybody, ooops, sorry about that....I asked Napee what his opinion of the batman was and he said, "Well, what would you think of a grown-up man who wears leotards, lives with his aunt, and runs around with a thirteen year old boy....Century Brown, winning the Academy Award....Statistics show that the driver having the best chance of avoiding an accident is a 75 year old woman riding a motorcycle at 51 miles per hour, on a Thursday, between the hours of 2:00 and 3:00 AM....I love you ouch, I love you ouch, I love you ouch, (Two porcupines making love.)...Napee sez that you can't blame him for being in the big house. He wanted to be a warden, so he is starting at the bottom.....My friend Clifford White Cow, well I just don't know about him.....That spring has sprung, fall has fell, and winters coming, it's getting colder than....! Napee's no poet, that's why he left out the last word of the previous sentence....It's getting pretty difficult to write this monthly column, so if any of you guys have any news fit to print, please see any member of the staff....Napee will pay you the best, Velvet tobacco in stock - and fresh too...Who is the whistler on 5....Napee is all set for Christmas. He has crossed a centipede with a turkey so that everyone can get a drumstick....Gilbert Cliff, scooting out for Rothe Hall and leaving everything behind....Napee sez that it's easier for a camel to go thru the eye of a needle, than it is to sneak a sandwich out of the mess hall....Speaking of the mess hall, anyone notice the new tables, huh?....You think you got problems - Napee was telling his hound dog about the birds and the fleas....Down Mexico way, dried lizards and tree bark, and whole dried skunk hides are fixed and eaten....Napee sez that they do wonders for excessive drinkers with bloated stomachs....Napee sez you can't take it with you - especially when crossing a state line ....Statistics prove that the reason there are no telephone systems in China is because there are so many Wongs and Wings there, that someone might 'wing' the

'wong' number....Napee said the last time he got out he was a police reporter - every week he had to report to the police....Since being in prison, Napee has missed three squares everyday - his wife, mother-in-law, and father-in-law....Well, Napee will leave you with this closing remark: "A bird in the hand - is bad table manners." or, "A bird in the hand, is sometimes, messy....

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It must be tough enough for a candidate to lose without having his wife point out what they could have done with the campaign money.

Why wardens get gray

By JAMES LeBANS

Menard Time Drawing

"And this is where we store dynamite. We always keep it under lock and key."

HAR & THAR

MONTANA INMATES LIKE TRAVEL BOOKS

DEER LODGE, Mont. (AP) -The state Prison in Deer Lodge recently became the first institution in State history to have an organized library.

More than 2,000 books were sent to the prison by the State Library in Helena.

Lene Cooper, an employe of the Helena office, said the most frequent requests from inmates are for travel books.

YOUR FADED

HONOLULU -When the Police Dispatcher calls car "seven-eleven" he reaches officer George Kruse of the gambling squad.

GIVE OR TAKE A COUPLE?

CINCINNATI, Ohio -Lawrence Hughes, brought into court on charges of driving faster than 100 M.P.H., in a 50-mile zone, told the judge, "I thought I was only going 98." "We won't quibble over a couple of miles," Judge George Hieltzler replied, "Five days in the workhouse, $100.00 fine, and license suspended for two years.

$800 - A FISTFUL

ALBANY.N.Y. (AP) -Thieves stole $800 from a safe of a drive-in theater. Playing that night was "A Fistful of Dollars.

HUH!!

HONOLULU: -The University of Hawaii has bowed to a new student movement - Bikini Power. The school dropped a ban on bikinis in the university's swimming pool during recreational hours.

The issue arose last month when two bikini clad instructors were refused admission to the pool. This led to a demonstration and circulation of petitions. The brief swim suit had been banned after several girls lost them while diving.

WONDER IF THIEF HAS PUSHED THAT HORN YET!

DETROIT (AP) -This may be a push button age, but the person who recently stole the minibike of fireman Larry Scarpace may soon decide never to push another button again, let alone steal again.

Scarpace, a clown in fire department parades for 21--years, had a 24-inch bike rigged with a variety of gags, including a booby-trapped horn. When the horn is pressed, the front end of the bike falls apart.

MICHIGAN'S PAROLE DECLINE

DEER LODGE, Mont. 9PP) -With crime in the streets and stories of ex-convicts being returned to prison on the front pages of major newspapers, Michigan reveals some interesting facts.

Since 1960, parolees who have made a success after release have increased over 5%.

The Department of Corrections, State of Michigan, Cites several innovations as possibly contributing to the reverse in a national trend.

Among these were intense training programs, work furlough, which has been expanded to allow selected inmates to attend day-time college and training classes and generally reduced parole caseloads.

"We don't want to make any sensational claims on the basis of this improvement alone," Gus Harrison, director of corrections told newsmen,"there are too many varibles which might explain it.

"But we feel it is a hopeful sign when programs which we believe should do some good are followed by i proved community adjustment.

"If further new programs are followed by continued improvement in parole success, we are going to be greatly encouraged."

HIRE A PAROLEE-A CONVICT IS A TAX-BURDEN-A PAROLEE IS A TAX PAYER

HOLY ROLLER

In Rome, Italy, a young man told the police that a gypsy woman had offered to sell him some valuable religious works of art, but instead, she hypnotized him and rolled him for 240,000 ($560) in cash, and jewelry.

HOT TIME IN THE OLD TOWN

In London, England, a British police station burned to the ground, while all the policemen were out directing traffic.

THE PRICE OF LOVE

In Northallerton, England a 25-year old Romeo was convicted of embezzling 1,000 pounds, ($2,800) from his place of employment. Admitting the charges, he said that he needed the money because he earned only 17 pounds 16 shillings ($4.83) and girls had been rejecting his advances. "For the first time in years, girls wanted me," said the dejected embezzler, "But they cost me a pretty, packet.

Judges meet With Cons out of Court

(U.)-Nebraska's 36 district judges and inmates of the Penal Complex will meet in a joint seminar, according to the Nebraska Governor's Crime Commission.

The Commission agreed to set up the seminar in which judges and inmates may discuss the effect of sentencing practices upon rehabilitation.

Lancaster County Judge, Elmer M. Scheele, who proposed the idea, says the seminar will help in assuring impartial dispensing of justice.

"A lot of judges actually have no idea what affect their sentences have, toward rehabilitation of criminals," he said. "Far too many of them have had no experience in criminal matters before becoming judges."

According to the Nebraska associate warden, no date has been set for the meeting but inmate volunteers are being considered.

First Things First!

Prisoners and prison editors would do well to shelve the unemployment hooey that's being tossed to the four winds and harp upon a different theme. The question isn't whether there's enough jobs to go around for parolees, it's whether or not there's enough paroles to go around to take care of what jobs there are.

MOSCOW (UPI) - The prison in the Lithuanian capitol of Vilnius has been closed for lack of inmates, says Moscow Radio.

Outside Jobs For Prisoners

SALEM, ORE. (UPI) -A new work release program for prison inmates has netted the convicts a total of $226,203.00. A supervisor of the program said 295 inmates were released from the penitentiary and correctional institutions during the day to work.

Pub Owner Fires Drunken Watchdog

TEIGNMOUTH, ENGLAND -Rex, a German Shepard, has lost his job as watchdog at the Prince of Wales pub in the English seaside town. The landlord said he started drinking so much he bumped into furniture, developed hangovers and pestered customers into giving him booze.

**

The husband told his poker buddies, "this is my wife's firthday." A friend asked, "What are you getting for her?" The husband answered, "make me an offer!"

Weight Lifting

Webster's Collegiate Dictionary states weightlifting increases strength and coordination. Moreover there are thousands of instructors with B.S. degrees in physical education who profess this to be true. Yet, there are people who actually think weightlifting leaves the athlete muscle-bound. This is completely false and of course, the wei[illegible] muscles if he trains properly.

As far as weight training goes, I am not qualified to instruct and I can think of many activities that are as beneficial as weightlifting. Aside from reading the material in Muscle Books, I attended college for one year. I had two football scholorships with an injury crimping a pre-season stint at fullback, and at another college my position was single-wing tackle. Here the athlete had to lift weights all year round. Merely for the purpose of conditioning, strengthing muscles, and prevention of injuries.

Furthermore, I have lifted weights since I was 15 years old; I'm 31 now, accordingly I know weightlifting is doing me good.

Meanwhile, many men lift weights here and in the free world. They seem to be exerting physical effort. I personally am not a masochist, in the respect that I like to be pushing iron just to feel tired. On the contrary, I have a goal to return to college football if I am granted a parole and that goal just over shadows anything. I like to play basketball, shoot the bull, play cards, but I really want to play footbal[illegible] again, so weightlifting takes top priority.

I really had to write this for I am just a face in the crowd. But weightlifting is my own rehabilitation program just as perhaps [illegible] is to some other individual.

Next issue I plan to print some of Dave Draper's (Mr. Universe) training methods from some special literature I requested by mail.

Reality With an Abstract Intruder

Some people believe that reality is something that is in their everyday lives and care less to think any more of it. As the saying is, they take it for granted. Also, they hardly think about the things that are not in their everyday living, but are secretly coming into their lives by abstraction. Those who have inner mind conflicts are seriously bothered by these abstract things. This is because they cannot reason with the things that they think about.

Let us take a look at these abstract conceptions that are only images of everyday living. They are like radio signals that can be reached by the human mind in two ways. Either by the person with a servere mind conflict or by the person who is trying to make a logical decision. Sometimes this is the only way that outer space signals with a million images bother a person and, most likely, without warning.

For a disturbed person, it is hard to reason with outer space signals; but for the normal person, he can either reason with these intruding signals or forget most of them. The normal thinking person can take these intruding outer space signals as part of his everyday living. On the other hand, the disturbed person becomes ill with illusions.

If a person should realize his conceptions are abnormal, he could do well to make up his mind to help himself. He can read literature that seriously supports sound thinking. This will help him distinguish the difference between a reality and an abstraction. If he becomes more acquainted with his abstract thinking, he can become more aware of his mind conflict and adjust to reason. Because a normal conception of things is a sound mind, the person can make himself understand those abstract things that hurt him and those that help him. Until he can do this, he will not know what reality really is and live in fear of other images which will be harmful.

Besides either the abnormal person or the normal person becoming acquainted with the difference between reality and abstraction, he will start understanding his problems and want to reason about more things. But,

before he can reason, he must start with a clear concept of everything that he thinks about. Then he must use strict judgement about either things in reality or those things that are abstractions. After he realizes that everything is not real to his denses, then he can decipher the meaning of those space signals. Furthermore he can use good judgement between two or more concepts.

After a person has the ability to use a good conception, he can, if he would, reason about things that can help him judge between those things he wants best in life. For instance, he cannot only withdraw from the things that bother his mind, but he can also bring them into his mind and sort them out. Soon he is discarding his serious problems by using good judgement. This then is when a person is living with a clear concept and able to judge as a normal person. -A.F. Charlo

THIS IS NO BULL

JAMESTOWN, Calif. (PP) -The cow is a completely automatic milk manufacturing machine. It is encased in untanned leather and mounted on four vertical supports, one on each corner.

The front end contains the cutting and grinding mechanism, as well as the headlights, air inlet and exhaust a bumper and a foghorn.

The rear is a dispensing apparatus and an automatic fly swatter.

The central portion houses a hydrochemical conversion plant. This consists of four fermentation tanks connected in series by an intricate network of flexible plumbing This section also contains the heating plant complete with controls for the temperature (automatic), pumping station and main ventilating system. The waste disposal apparatus is located in the rear of the central section.

In brief, the external visible features are: two lookers, two hookers, four stander-uppers, four hanger-downers, and a swishy-wishy.

There is a similar machine called the bull which should not be confused with a cow. It produces no milk, but has other interesting uses. -The Nugget

"Why don't you shoo your flies," she asked the waitress. "Well you see, it's so hot today, that we just let them run barefooted."

Napee's Platform

Astor Q. Napee, a self-made man who has lifted himself up to significance by his own moccasin straps, has announced that he will run for Governor of Montana in 1972.

In making the announcement, Napee outlined his platform as follows:

"I stand for lower taxes, higher wages, bigger teepees better roads, bigger and better schools, shorter working hours for the laborer, more profits for the businessman, a better deal for farmers, and higher welfare payments. I am strongly against sin and I support Motherhood and virtue." "During my term in office, every mother in Montana will get a free ride on all busses and trains."

"I have always had a warm place in my heart for Mothers, and I think a special day should be set aside to honor them. We could call it 'Mother's Day.'"

"And I not only plan to endorse Mothers; I will even go further and endorse Fathers! No other candidate has the courage to do this."

"The owner of a large bill-board company has agreed to act as my campaign manager and there is absolutely no truth to the vicious rumor that I will appoint him, Chief Mine Inspector, if I am elected. However, he graciously consented to let me use his bill-boards free of charge, That Man is all heart."

"On the bill-boards, there will be a big picture of myself, showing me wearing a battle scarred War Bonnet,

patched breech cloth, starched leggins, and a black tie. I will have a mocassin on one foot and a cowboy boot on the other. I will have a bible in one hand, and a cane in the other. I will be chewing tobacco and smoking a long peace pipe at the same time. There will be a big halo over my head, and I will be doing the twist."

"This will associate me with the common man, the uncommon man, the young, the old, the workers, the industrialists, the farmers, the merchants, the Indians, the religious, the liberals, the conservatives, the socialites and the anti -socialites."

"The common people will go for that, while the uncommon people will not fail to notice my starched leggins, black tie, and peace pipe. They will really believe that I am really on their side and that I am just trying to fool the common people."

"I will come out flatly for a law that will prohibit any dry from entering a tavern or liquor store. And to put teeth into this law, any tavern or liquor store that sells intoxicants to someone who doesn't drink, will have their license revoked immediately."

"I will fight for higher Social Security Payments and the complete elinination of Social Security taxes. Under my plan, no one will have to contribute anything, but everyone can retire at the age of forty, at a guarenteed pension of eighty dollars per week-with more for anyone who wants it."

"I am strongly in favor of eliminating all interference in State affairs by the Federal Government, I think that each state should decide for themselbes just how much money they want, and all the people in Washington will have to do is sign checks, and mail them out."

"Now, I realize that my opponents are going to ask me a loaded question at this point: 'Who will pay for all this?' Well, my answer for that will be - We will let the Federal Government pay for it."

"I will offer a bonus of one thousand dollars to each parent of each child born in Montana during my term of office; and I will also give a bonus of a thousand dollars to each married couple who do not become parents during that period. Thus, I will not only be encouraging a healthy and adequate new generation, but at the same time discouraging a dangerous population explosion.

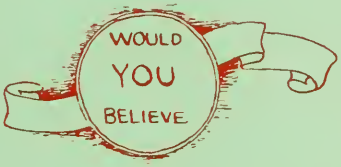
"I can hardly wait for the campaign to befin! I don't see how I can possibly lose, that is unless I forget to

promise something to someone. I believe I will receive all the votes cast. That will save the taxpayers the expense of a run-off. So if you don't see something you want in my platform, just let me know. I have spoken!"

(mutt)

**

In Gloucester, Massachusetts, a woman was charged with giving a false name and address while purchasing drugs. Seems that out of the 26,000 names in the phone book she picked the name of the druggist's mother-in-law for the bum script.



"SANTA CLAWS"

"CHOW-LINE"

"WRITE-UP"

"SICK CALL"

"AFTER Barber Shop Visit"

"30° BELOW AT 6:00 A.M."

Knitting

Now that crocheting and knitting has been approved to work in the cellhouse and dorm, it will probably be one of the most sought after hobbies in the prison.

It is one of the easiest to learn. After a couple hours of instruction you can begin your first sweater. After that it takes practice. The first few items you make will not be perfect and will win no fashion shows. But they will be a wearable item. Cleaning and blocking takes out an awful lot of mistakes except to a practiced eye.

There is a good sale for crocheted and knitted goods in any hobby shop store. It is safe to say that it outsells any other hobby craft.

Anyone wishing to learn to crochet or knit now is the time to get started. It will cost you nothing to learn at this time. Instruction and yarn will be free to start.

The people through the newspapers have been asked to donate any yarn they have. This yarn that is donated will be used to teach anyone wishing to learn how to crochet or knit. Instruction will be given to anyone who requests it. Either in the cell house or dorm. There are over 30 men now signed up so get your name in if you are interested.

Of course, any items made from donated yarn cannot be sold or used by the maker. All items made will be donated to the children's home or given to them for X-Mas. The kids need the sweaters.

Anyone wondering if this is an occupation that a man should have need only look at the record. The top fashion creation of 1950 was a crocheted dress, made and designed by a man. The Coronet Magazine showed by survey that more men than women knitted and sold more of the work. Besides most men who crochet and knit know they are men and don't have to worry about proving it.

To prove men can do better work then women we challenge the Women's Quarters to compete in quality and quantity, the amount of sweaters going to the Children's Home. Most of them probably know how to crochet already but we have the edge since its a known fact that men are superior and have more creative ability.

WM. F. Beagle 22194

Interviewing Napee

Intv. Are you in favor of foreign aid?
Nap. Yes, I am. As a matter of fact I signed up for it yesterday.
Intv. What do you think of the prison issue?
Nap. Best magazine I ever read. I don't miss a copy.
Intv. Do you have any plans for curbing the drug traffic in Montana?
Nap. No, I don't. I'll leave that up to the Highway Patrol. I only urge all residents to obey the speed laws and....
Intv. Excuse me sir, I don't think you understand. I was referring to the Marijuana, pills, LSD, and hallucination producing drugs that have become so popular with our youth of today.
Nap. Oh. Well, I really don't pay much attention to them Rock -n- Roll Bands. There's so many of them, you know.
Intv. Do you think we will ever have legalized gambling in Montana?
Nap. I wouldn't bet on it.
Intv. Do you plan to improve the slum areas in our major cities?
Nap. As a matter of fact, I've already started.
Intv. You have?
Nap. Yes. I just finished painting my house and next week I'm gonna help my neighbor build a new fence.
Intv. What do you think can be done to increase the tourist trade in Montana?
Nap. Well, I've been thinking about buying the Golden Gate Bridge and putting it across Flathead Lake. I think people would like to see that.
Intv. What about MACE, the new "tear gas in a can", being used by our law enforcement officers. Is it harmful?
Nap. Certainly not. I think that the man who complained about it was blind before they sprayed him.
Intv. Thank you.

Flying High

I thought that I was flying high,
I stoled and robbed in vain.
I lost all those that I did love
and disgraced my father's name.

Now here I am behind bars
Where the undesirables are hurled.
A lonely convict without a name,
dead and forgotten to all the world.

Now my friend you know my fate,
You have heard an honest tale.
Please turn back before it's too late,
Don't waste your life in jail.

Don't do what I myself have done
and waste your life away.
Go to church my misguided friend
and there learn how to pray.

Did you ever stop to think just how riduculous it is to keep a man in prison? It really is, you know. Especially when one is mostly self-supporting. What I mean is, they put men in here who work to keep the place going in order to be able to keep more men here. They have to keep sending men here to keep it functioning. Phew!! Kinda like digging for water just because you happen to have a glass.

Now, why should the marines and soldiers in Vietnam risk their lives now that the Big Shots are talking peace and withdrawl from Bietnam? What good is heroism when they read about Iwo Jima being given back to Japan, after so many men died there?

The world is full of willing people. Some are willing to work: others are willing to let them.

Too often, the knot the preacher ties turns out to be either a slip knot or a noose.

Don't Suffer Alone! Send The M.P. News Home? Do It Today

Forked Tongue

We suppose it is a good thing that politicians get interested in the American Indian every four years. It helps the public remember that there is an Indian problem. But the trouble is, precious little is done for the Indians in the intervals between elections.

Peter Farb, who has written a book with a title that is about as long as your arm ("Mans Rise to Civilization as Shown by the Indians of North America from Primeval Times"), makes a good point about our intransigence.

He goes back to Shakespeare's TEMPEST to prove that it has been this way. "They will not Give a doit (a small coin) to believe a lame begger,"Shakespeare wrote; "They will lay out ten to see a dead Indian."

The public, today as then, is full of curiosity about Indians and their "savage" ancestery but it is unable to fix on a program of steady progress to help the Indians into modern society.

Part of the difficulty is real, of course. The old Indian way of life - the "Indianness" - is largely opposed to the hustle-and-bustle attitudes of American society as a whole.

It is, thus, so easy to remember the Indian at election time and later point to the difficulty of helping a culturally-deprived people who are, admittedly, opposed to many phases of job training, education and other self help programs.

The Johnson Administration has done many things to get the, over half million Indians in the United States on a better footing. The last four years have provided a good start.

We suspect that the time is near when a real accommodation between the white and Indian cultures is going to

be attractive to enough people to make faster progress possible.

The Indians presently have a cultural base on their reservations. This can be their link with the past, with their "Indianness."

But the mathematics of population growth dictate that job opportunities outside the reservations - vital to future Indian generations - are going to depend on education and training having far more to do with modern American institutions than with tribal culture.

Necessity will force a melding of these interests. In fact, much progress is already being made on many reservations where industry, jobs, housing projects and better education are clearly expanding.

But the efforts are still halting and need to be affirmed as an ongoing way of dealing with Indian problems. When they are accepted as such, real progress can be expected.

In the interim, there is one thing interested citizens ought to do: remember the political promises made during election campaigns.

A politican who promises in 1968 to alliviate the problem of the Indian ought to have a delegation in his office a year from now, asking:

"Okay, Congressman, just what have you done for the Indians since the election?" (mutt0

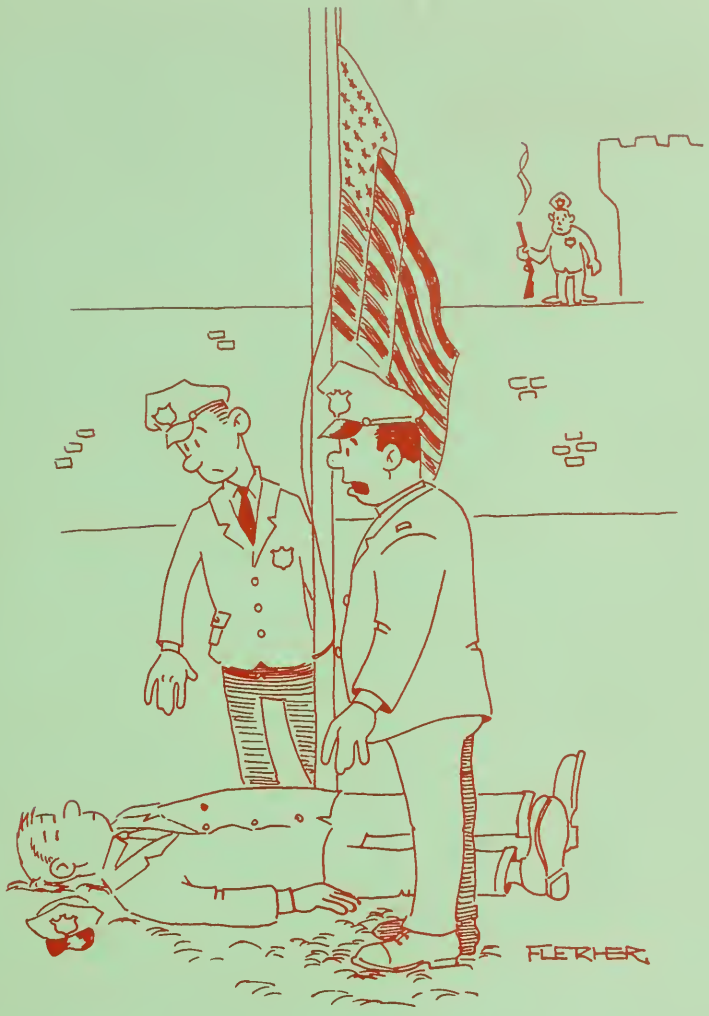
Fine feathers do not make fine birds. Rich clothes can not conceal a clown.

Birds of a feather flock together. Another version of--
--Show me your company and I'll tell you what you are.

A famous Washington hostess, quoting Menchen: "There are some politicians who, if their constituents were cannibals, would promise them missionaries for dinner.

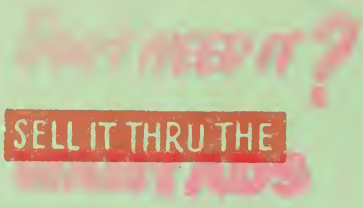
A maid called a housewife: "This is the girl who was supposed to come Friday and the Friday before, and I just wondered if you were going to need me this next Friday.

HEADLINE in Canton, Ohio, Repository: Key Witness Takes Fifth in Liquor Probe."



"EITHER GET GLASSES FOR THAT TOWER GUARD OR QUIT FIRING A SALUTE AT SUNDOWN!"

IT MAKES DOLLARS...
and (SENSE)
TO HIRE A PAROLEE!!!



PERSONALS

CHARLOTTE - Sell the PLATES in 40 yrs, they will have changed the currency.

Napee.

Mary - I'm sorry I punched you in the eye. Please hire an Attorney for me

Dukie

FINGERPRINTS REMOVED PERMANENTLY - See Hatchet Harry - Butcher Shop.

BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES

LICENSE PLATE FACTORY FOR SALE. REAL Cheap or make offer - Lightfingered Louie Outside Tag Plant.

HELP WANTED

LOCKSMITH - FULL OR PART Time. Contact Napee in the Cellblock after 6:PM.

ATTORNEY - Must be Experienced in handling Jailhouse "Lost Causes" contact Writ Writin Willy.

LABORERS - Will hire three men who are experienced in tunnel work. Top pay for men who wish to work unsual hours. See Lightfoot Harry Cellblock.

EXPLOSIVE TECHNICIAN - Have real need for man who can remove portion of 20 ft. stone walls. Must furnish own juice and preferably have bulletproof vest. See Lightfoot Harry again.....

ROOM SERVICE WAITERS & ASSISTANT STEWARD - Must be able to open #10 cans of beans and have ability to cut precooked meats - Apply Napee's Country Club.

FOR RENT

ONE ROOM SHACK - On 5th St. Close to Mission and Store that handles canned heat and cheap wine. Will not be using for the next 5 yrs. Wino Pete.

FOR RENT

CHEAP - One slightly used escape plan. Contact Charlie - Intensive Care Unit.

LIKE NEW CHECK PROTECTOR Only used once by present owner. Serial numbers have been erased. Will have no further use for this machine for the next 20 yrs. Bum Check Charlie.

LOST AND FOUND

LOST - One partner and Girl friend with bag of loot. Last seen heading north on backroad with my new car. Anyone who has Information Notify me. Pinky.

SCHOOL & INSTRUCTION

PENMANSHIP & HANDWRITING. Expert instruction in signatures. Instruction on how to beat the experts - See Paper Hanging Louie.

ELECTRONICS

The latest designs on information on burglar alarms and time locks. Post Graduate course in now being offered at special rates to former students who have for refresher course.

****HELP WANTED GENERAL****

EXCEPTIONAL OPPORTUNITY as Secretary to Editor of local Prison Publication. We require a person with 3 to 5 yrs, of experience. EXCELLENT typing & short hand skills not necessary. MUST have ability to handle responsible assignments.

Salary commensurate with ability and know-how. Liberal fringe benefits program. Callme, Napee, I.P., News - We are an equal opportunity employer.

****HELP WANTED GENIRAL****

COMPANION HOUSEKEEPER Experience is not necessary but it will help if this party knows how to play as a mother to the dwellers of this building. All necessary equipment to fill this post. CONvict 3-4784 24 hrs a day.

(PLEASE HURRY)

This
party
wealched
out

*********OBITUARIES********

LEADFOOT LARRY, Alias John Smith, Joe Smith, Con Smith and Pete Smith died of shock when informed he had made parole. He is survived by 10 wardens of various Penal Institutions.

*****DISGUISE & MAKEUP*****

WILLIE "THE ACTOR" SMITH has announced he will begin winter classes on the art of make-up and disguise. Golden opportunity to change Your mug and become a success.

NAPEEVILLE - Crowgut Ave. Sec. Fine clean unit, living & excellent view, Gents can really appreciate and dig the scene. Heated, h/c wt. Maid Service, meals, TV, outside each unit. These apartments can only be leased on a firm recommendation from a high city and or state official. At $17.50 a week it's a STEAL. Don't delay, these rooms are being grabbed up daily.

******WINES & SPIRITS******

Special WINTER DISCOUNT RATE ON SHOTS. Ice Cold-Pack Extra. Good old fashioned Stuff that "Mutt" used to get busted for.

In the past NINE yrs, we ran a total of 14,739,909 Ads in our classified section of the M.P. News. None and I mean none of these ADS were answered, so I say WE MUST BE DOING SOMETHINC RIGHT.

THIS SPACE WAS SODD BUT THE PARTY WELCHED OUT.

Delinquency–A Need for Action

Delinquency and its resultant affects cost the American taxpayer more money than any other social ill, yet we continue to concentrate more effort and spending on alcohol, tobacco products, inadequate community development projects, misleading advertising, low-priced inferior clothing (good for three washings), and government surveys and "investigations" that never reveal anything not already known, than we do on a problem that is fast becoming more urgent than our involvement in the Viet Nam conflict.

No attack on the situation can be confined to a single point in the wide array of influences to which the youth is exposed, however. The family and its habits have changed, our economic structure has changed, our attitude toward morality has changed----and is still undergoing even more drastic change----and our social organization has changed from one that was largely rural to one that is now predominantly urban. Pressures created by these changes have contributed much to the problem.

Actually, there is nothing the matter with our youth that hasn't happened to them since they were born; they are simply victems of the inconsistencies and confusions surrounding them. As products of parents who themselves are confused, vague, indefinite, and frustrated,there is no wonder that they suffer from insecurity, confusion, alienation, and doubt of our concern for their welfare.

I do not imply that parents, or most parents anyway, do not want to see their children develop into mentally healthy, honest, and happy individuals. Parents, like everyone else (and this includes our wayward youth), are ordinary human beings; they to have backgrounds of their own, and they have grown up to be what they are through circumstances that were beyond their control.

Records show that parents are no more responsible for the situation that exists in our society today than are the people who have not been privileged with parenthood, or the parents whose children have either grown up or were not befallen by delinquent inclination. One family alone cannot expect or be expected to effect a cure.

We have speculated, studied, discussed, and suggested possible causes and solutions long enough. We have found that parents and society (though both concerned) seem singularly undecided on the right course of action to choose, usually saying one thing and doing another. We have found that regardless of the environment in which the delinquent has been raised, other reasons for his conduct can be found, reasons that lie within his personality and result from the pressures and conflicts to which he has been exposed in his struggle to grow up.

The truth is that crime and delinquency have always been a part of social life, and it is quite likely that we will continue to be plagued by both until our communities (churches, schools, social agencies, religious organizations, civic groups, and women's organizations) organize their efforts, combine their experiences, and try to arrive at a point of mutual agreement, understanding, and plan of action.

No relationship can succeed without communication. If we cannot project our thoughts, our needs and wants, then there can be no understanding. The lack of communication between parents and society, and between parents and our youth is clearly a major factor to be considered in arriving at a solution to the problem.

(Mentor)

"AW, COME ON, CHUCK YOU GOTTA THINK BIG!"

Box 7
Deer Lodge, Montana

The often misused term "Public Relations" applies to a purpose that penetrates every phase of our Brotherhood Organization. That purpose is the accurate reflection of our program, our ideas, our officers, and each member in the eyes of the prison officials and the inmate body.

Effective public relations is more than simply publicizing our organization or the individual feelings of any member. For although an organization may benefit from fleeting publicity, lasting acceptance and improvement can be realized only from our communities attitude of support. (I use the word community, because we are a community though ours is confined behind prison walls.)

Like news media representatives, those persons who are most responsible for shaping public attitude have adopted a new set of sophisticated values. No longer is an organization worthy of a community's support simply because it exists. Not in a place where people are worrying about how to receive aid with the problems facing them daily, only those individuals or group of individuals that supply the solutions are likely to receive the full measure of our community's endorsement.

Therefore, it becomes clear that the most successful public relations are founded on meaningful programs, and that progress can best be realized through performance. Through consistent contribution can the support of our community be earned.

Like all other organizations, our Brotherhood Chapter may expect to receive courtesy acknowledgement from prison officials; occasional goodwill praise from the prison press or even glowing testimonials from inmates. This recognition is often deceivingly shallow, for true support from our community is dependent on the genuine attitude of those persons who are officers and have program leadership-an attitude that is not easily persuaded.

The prize for winning this interest, however, is great. To the victor goes perposeful understanding of organizational motives and accomplishments. The needs

of this organization begin to diminish when t e current of our community throught is running in its direction.

Accomplishing good public relations for the purpose of receiving our popular support is not easy, but it is possible. The first step is publicly identifying the Brotherhood as a means of directing the energies of concerned men in helping others, though they may never receive acknowledgement for it.

Second, and most important, is the demonstration to the inmate body of how these energies are being transformed as workable solutions for immediate problems; and from t ese solutions many are helped and assisted, even though, they may not ask for it. -Geo. Kimble.

"Folks," said the elderly Preacher, "the subject of my sermon this evening are liars. How many of you have read the 35th Chapter of Luke?" Nearly everybody raised their hands.

"That's right," said the Preacher. "You're just the folks I want to preach too. There is no 35th Chapter of Luke."

Most young women wait fro the right man to come along. In the meantime, they get married.

Your age is showing if you'd rather win an argument than be right.

MAYBE - PLEASE

Whatever happened to the tousle-headed boys' fragile dream.
Poohy, Panda and Floopy-ears who in cardtable caves at Grandmas.
Bled sawdust love and foam-rubber tears... .....
The super Shazam Captain Marvel Clubs.
Homo, Tom Mix, Foozle-land and Pal.
Where are they?
Whats happened to 31 years?
Maybe NOW is just a bad dream, Maybe Please.
and tomorrow .....after school....We'll play cowboys and Indians.
Maybe .....
Please.
(Lucky)

SIGNING OFF

Magazine Publication, M.P. News now comes to the end of another printing month. M. P. News is owned and operated by the men and women of the Montana State Prison. Our studio, located in the Typing Building next to the Cell House, has a power output of 750 copies and operates on a staff of 4. M.P. News is happy at this time to wish everyone a very, Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year. See You all Next Year

Editor, M.P. News Box 7 Deer Lodge Mont.
59 722

Enclosed please find $____ for a __ year subscription to the M.P. News

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CITY _____ STATE _____ ZIP _____

12 Big Issues - $2.00

Box 7, Deer Lodge, Montana
59722

When you have happiness on a halter,
And a dream tucked under your arm,
You have more than a lot of Kings.

For if you didn't have someone to
Give these treasures to, you'd have
Only a poor man's things.

May you always have someone!